

Society

by JEAN ELIOT

A CHRONICLE OF EVENTS WITH SIDE LIGHTS ON THE MEN AND WOMEN WHO MAKE UP WASHINGTON'S COMPLEX AND INTERESTING SOCIAL LIFE

White House Garden Party THE Event of Busy Week—Guests Linger Till Band Plays "End of Perfect Day."

THE PRESIDENT AND MRS. HARDING must be in league with the weather man. Pretty nearly every al fresco fête planned for the first half of May had to be postponed at least once "on account of inclement weather." But the Hardings drew an absolutely perfect day for the first garden party at the White House, and when, as the sun was setting, the Marine Band played "The End of a Perfect Day" it expressed the sentiments of every one of the 1,500 guests.

The only trouble was that the company was a bit obtuse. There had been "a piece in the papers" about "The End of a Perfect Day" being Mrs. Harding's favorite air, and so when the cornetist, who had played several solos during the afternoon, started on those familiar strains, nobody paid any attention to him. The President and Mrs. Harding were still on duty and the party was still going strong. But presently the band tried it again, and then the President and Mrs. Harding, Col. Clarence Sherrill, and another man stood "at attention" right down in front of the band, listening. But even then—well, you know some people are slow! Finally host and hostess came up into the East Room, where a second band—a nice jazz one—was playing for dancing, took a turn or two, just to show that they could, and listened reverently while the band again—the whole band this time—assured the party that this was indeed, "The End of a Perfect Day," and this time, I think, it penetrated.

So hereafter probably "Home, Sweet Home," will be considered passeé, and when a hostess wishes to notify her guests pleasantly and politely that the party is over she'll call upon the orchestra for "The End of a Perfect Day."

The White House garden party was the crowning event of the last week. And such a week! The Peruvian Ambassador and Mme. Pezet had a big party at the Pan-American Building on Thursday evening to celebrate the unveiling of a bust of Dr. Hipolito Unanue, to whom Peru owes her independence, which was presented to the Pan-American Union by the Peruvian government. The last part of the week has been given over to the entertainment of that most wonderful of women, Mme. Curie, who reached Washington on Friday and will scarcely be allowed to catch her breath before she leaves for Philadelphia tomorrow. The circus came to town and was attended by young people of all ages, from Mrs. Harding down. "Electra," most famous of the tragedies of Euripides with Edith Wynne Matthison in the title role, was given for the benefit of the Wellesley endowment fund and brought out a distinguished audience. The annual garden party for the House of Mercy took place at the Cathedral Close and came to a pleasant close with supper served under the trees, a panorama of all Washington stretched at the feet of those who lingered to sup. The Third Cavalry out at Fort Myer celebrated its twenty-fifth birthday with a review and an athletic carnival—the President and Mrs. Harding, in the review, winding up with a ball which lasted until early morning. And the Horse Show played a running accompaniment to all the other festivities of the week.

There's something stimulating to the imagination in the very word "first" and the first garden party of the present Administration will go down to history as a huge success. It was the first big "crush" of the Harding regime, and big as it was it wasn't a crush at all. For the White House grounds are big enough to accommodate a crowd that would take many days to count. The drawing rooms in town. Given the lively White House gardens in all their springtime beauty, with the great fountain playing, the sunlight filtering through the trees and an assemblage of the most distinguished men and women in Washington strolling about the sloping green lawns—the women like the gorgeous giant blossoms in their summer finery—the picture is a picture to remember. Moreover, the President and Mrs. Harding seem to have a positive genius for hospitality and of all the White House parties I have attended none has been so enjoyable at which everybody seemed to have such a genuinely good time.

There was no lack of staidness, every detail of the reception was carefully thought out, but by their very nature the President and Mrs. Harding did away with any possibility of stiffness and made everybody feel at home. President Harding has a warm handclasp for everyone and has down to a fine point the art of injecting the personal touch into the merest word in passing. And Mrs. Harding is a born hostess. Everybody felt that he—or she—was especially welcome and that it mattered personally to the President and Mrs. Harding whether he—or she—enjoyed the party. When the receiving line was held up for a moment the President, laughing, told one attractive woman, "Don't be in a hurry; you know I like to hold your hand"—and that woman is sure he is the greatest President the United States ever had—bar none. And Mrs. Harding, clinging momentarily to the hand of more than one pretty girl, to whom she whispered hurriedly as she passed: "Skip around a bit, there will be dancing in the East Room a little later." And, of course, the girls stuck around. Who wouldn't when thus invited?

Besides, one wouldn't want a pleasanter place to stick around in, with a constant procession of friends and acquaintances with whom to exchange news and views a veritable pageant of the season's fashions—I



A DULL MOMENT IN THE RING. But Brig. Gen. Billy Mitchell, Capt. C. J. Henry, Miss Anna Hamlin, and Miss Tracy Lyon seem interested in each other.

heard two women having a lovely time identifying the gowns of their fellow guests as being "models" from certain well-known dressmaking establishments. And set out under the trees under gay little marquees were tables of delectable punch—you've no idea how inspiring, not to say stimulating, an entirely kickless punch can be, and still more delectable ices and cakes and sandwiches and things—especially "things."

HUMANIZING THE WHITE HOUSE.

A volume could be written about the humanizing of the White House and the hundred and one small ways in which it is evidenced. All the state apartments of the White House were thrown open to the guests, who were strolling about at will "for to admire and for to see" and there was dancing going on in the East Room, with the Navy Band playing perfectly corking jazz.

Before retiring to their quarters the hospitable hosts took just a turn or two, "to prove they were good fellows"—heroic proof and remarkable "pep" when one realizes that they had been standing for several hours, and had been under the physical strain of shaking hands with 1,500 people. Of course the dancers all stopped to watch the President and his wife—and to cheer them to the echo. Then once more the band insisted—gently but firmly—that this really was the end of a perfect party—even if it wasn't quite of a perfect day.

The garden party was the first of three to be given within the next few weeks. The general list was divided alphabetically. But the diplomatic corps was invited en masse—or perhaps "en classe" would express it more accurately. The family circle—and the Supreme Court circle—though it at the last moment stayed away out of respect to Chief Justice White, who was doing. Also it happened that there were comparatively few of the ranking diplomats—the chiefs of missions—present as most of them were in New York for the big International Conference on World Trade, so that many of the embassies and legations were represented by their counselors, secretaries and attaches. Their chiefs will doubtless be on hand Thursday for the second of the series of garden parties or for the third, on June 1.

Somewhere among the H's the line was drawn on Wednesday. One met all the A's and C's and, among one's friends, while the place was "simply humming with B's"—Gen. and Mrs. George Barnett, the Gilt Blair, the Woodbury Blair, the Buxton, Mr. and Mrs. James M. Beck, and Miss Beatrice Beck, Mrs. C. J. Bell and her son, Bobby Bell, Mrs. Delos Blodgett and her daughter, Mena, and so on through the list. Mrs. Cromwell Brooks was there, just over from the horse show and announcing that she had combed the town to find another B—only to meet to a fine point the art of injecting the personal touch into the merest word in passing. And Mrs. Harding is a born hostess.

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MRS. JOHN BUCHANAN arrives at the Horse Show bringing her small son.

The decoction was finished. At the back there was a flaring collar of the lace wired in the fashion popular a few seasons ago. This eventually changed its mind and became a variation of the equally popular monk's collar cut in a deep U and filled with folds of tulle. Long white gloves, a string of pearls and a black velvet band, with its diamond ornament, about her throat, completed a most becoming and distinctive costume. Laddie Boy, the White House aide, made his appearance early in the afternoon under escort of his special attendant—the White House M. F. H.—who rejoices in the fine Democratic name of Wilson Jackson. Taking his stand at the top of the slope, Laddie held an impromptu reception and gladly shook hands with all comers. Eventually he must have come to sympathize with the President and the Prince of Wales, and finally, taking a leaf from the Prince's book, he gravely changed over to the left hand. But he kept his smile throughout and submitted with excellent grace—if a suspicion of boredom—to being made much of.

One missed Mrs. Coolidge's bright face at most of the festivities of last week, for she was in Northampton visiting her boys. But she got back in time to be present at the second important gathering at the White House—the little ceremony in the East Room, when Mme. Curie was presented with her gram of radium, the gift of the women of the United States.

No need to tell you of the ceremony of the presentation of the radium. The daily papers have described it in the minutest detail, for it was an event which will be written into world history. President Harding bequeathed to the great of women scientists the wee bit of precious metal which is the gift of the women of America and Mrs. Harding, who is honorary hostess to Mme. Curie during her visit to this country, greeted the 500 guests assembled to witness the inspiring little ceremony. This was the first event on Mme. Curie's full program. In the evening she addressed a meeting at the National Museum. Indisposition prevented Mme. Curie from visiting Mr. Vernon yesterday,

(Above) GENERAL PERSHING AND MAJOR AND MRS. HARRY LEONARD en route to the grandstand. Major Leonard was one of the judges and the general an exhibitor.

(Below) MRS. PETER GOELET GERRY watches the horses while the pup keeps an eye on the people passing below.

as had been planned, but her daughters went in her stead. They were guests of Mrs. Denby, wife of the Secretary of the Navy, aboard the Sylph, and had luncheon on the way down the river. Arriving at the home of Washington, the party was welcomed by the regents of Mt. Vernon—officially the Mt. Vernon Ladies' Association of the Union—who were "in residence" there for their annual conference. I always envy them spending a week at Mt. Vernon during the loveliest season of the year—but that's another story.

Tonight Mme. Curie, a pole by birth, and her daughters, Irene and Eve, who are with her, will be entertained at dinner at the Polish legation. Last night a dinner was given for her at the French embassy. The guests whom the Ambassador and Mme. Jusserand asked to meet her were Mrs. Speaker of the House and Mrs. Gillett, the Polish Minister and Princess Lubomirska, Dr. and Mrs. Charles D. Walcott, Dr. and Mrs. Alexander Graham Bell, Dr. and Mrs. Livingston Farrand, Dr. and Mrs. Vernon Kellogg, Mr. and Mrs. William Brown Meloney, Mrs. Marshall Field, Brig. Gen. George O. Squier, Leland Harrison and M. Henri, of the French embassy staff.

The original plan was for Mme. Curie to leave town tomorrow for Philadelphia and then to start on a tour of other American cities. It is now whispered, however, that she will linger on for some time longer.

Due in New York tomorrow to take part in the 125th birthday of the New York Commercial, the President and Mrs. Harding are fortunate in being able to make the trip aboard the Mayflower. They have an interesting little company of guests with them, so the trip will afford them recreation as well as rest. The President and Mrs. Harding went over to the Horse Show for the opening, and seemed as enthusiastically interested as the harriest and each day was equally both as to quan-



GEN. PEYTON C. MARCH, with Mrs. Dorothy Williams McCombs, who, since yesterday, has been Mrs. Frederick A. Sterling

and was followed, in turn, by a reception and dance. The dinner was given in the lovely patio of the Pan-American building, the table being laid around the illuminated fountain—all same like when the Pezets entertained for the Venezuelan mission recently. I have never known that to be done before save once long years ago when John Barrett was host. But I hope it will be done again frequently, for one cannot well imagine a more perfect setting. On Thursday evening it was warm, so that the patio could be open to the sky and the moon peeped in over the shoulder of the building. The branches of palm and banana trees almost meeting overhead, the gay parakeets flitting about, and the gold fish playing hide and seek in the fountain, all contributed to the picturesque effect, while the table was banked with the loveliest pink roses.

Secretary Hughes, as chairman of the governing board of the Pan-American Union, officially received the bust of Dr. Unanue, which was presented by the Peruvian ambassador. And it was then placed on its pedestal in the Hall of Flags, a gallery in which the popular hero of each American republic is eventually to be enshrined.

George Washington, the Father of His Country, is there now, and some twelve or fourteen republics are already represented by portrait busts of the men who have done most to achieve their country's independence. Other national heroes have been selected—in some cases there has been a bit of a tussle as to who was the most worthy of the honor—and their portraits will undoubtedly be delivered before long. So far as I can find out Nicaragua is the only nation which has not yet made its selection for this hall of fame.

Dr. Unanue's name is closely associated with the movement for the independence of Peru, the centennial of which is being celebrated this year. There will be elaborate ceremonies in Lima, beginning July 28, and the splendid exposition which will open there will undoubtedly attract many visitors from all over the Americas. Dr. Unanue was a physician of more than local reputation, and was a member of the medical societies of New York and Philadelphia in the early days of their existence. He was the first minister of the treasury in the government he helped to organize, and later served as counselor of state, as Minister of Finance, and as president of the first congress in Peru.

SCULPTRESS DECORATED BY VENEZUELAN GOVERNMENT.

The bust, a fine, strong head of a man whose face expresses character and vision and undying devotion, is the work of Mrs. Sallie James Farnham, a young American woman who has achieved more than national fame as a sculptor. It was she, you probably remember, who did the equestrian statue of Bolivar, the liberator of Venezuela, now in Central Park, which was unveiled with great ceremony a few weeks ago, the Venezuelan government sending a special mission to this country for the occasion. And at the ceremonies at the Pan-American Union the other evening she was wearing on a ribbon about her throat the Order of Bolivar, third class, which was bestowed upon her by the dinner given by Mayor Hylan of New York in honor of the Venezuelan Mission.

Mrs. Farnham was given a bit of an ovation when the ambassador of Peru presented her to the guests assembled to witness the unveiling. She may well feel proud of her work—and her countrymen of her—for it stands out even in the high company in which it now finds itself. The bust of George Washington also stands out distinctly—but for a different reason and one actually made me blush when Ambassador Pezet placed a wreath upon it as a tribute to the man who first established liberty on the American continent. All the other monuments are of marble, but the monument to the Father of His Country—a copy of Houdon's famous bust, is of hollow

Women's Foundation Rouses the Interest of Women All Over the Country—First Meeting at Dean Place.

metal painted white and goes "plunk" like a watermelon when someone accidentally touches it! Something really ought to be done about this for the honor of the United States and the great patriot who has been selected to have place with the national heroes of the other republics of America.

Peru, through her ambassador, also paid honor to Bolivar, Venezuela's national hero; San Martin, the founder of the Republic of Argentina and O'Higgins, liberator of Chile, all of whom had been associated with Dr. Unanue in the struggle to free South America from Spanish dominion. Mr. Pezet made a charming little address, giving something of the story of Dr. Unanue's life and work and sent me home determined to brush up on the history of the republics to the south of us.

Apologies of unavailings—Mrs. Harding represented the White House at the dedication of the beautiful fountain in Dupont Circle, which the Dupont family of Wilmington have put up to replace the ancient and honorable, if somewhat hideous, statue of their distinguished ancestor, Admiral du Pont. It was not a large gathering which witnessed the unveiling, but it included besides Mrs. Harding, Secretary and Mrs. Weeks and Secretary and Mrs. Denby.

FEDERATION OF ARTS HOLDS CONFERENCE.

The conference of the American Federation of Arts was not only an interesting event in itself, but it brought to town a good many artists and lovers of art who are prominent in other events of the week. Mrs. Edward MacDowell, widow of the great American composer, for instance, gave a recital at the home of William Phelps Eno, his cousin, Mrs. George Eble, acting hostess, and spoke on the work of the MacDowell colony at Peterboro, N. H.

Miss Ellen Fitz Pendleton, president of Wellesley College, came down primarily for the banquet given last evening by the Washington Wellesley Club—with Mrs. Charles Evans Hughes and General Pershing and other notables "among those present"—but she too, took in many of the festivities in connection with the meeting of the Federation of Arts.

Whether by happy accident or design, Arthur Cahill, the distinguished California artist, chose the time for his one-man exhibit, and a good many visiting artists were among those who went up to Mrs. Ulysses S. Grant's house, in Sixteenth street, to see his portraits of General Pershing, Mrs. Grant and Gen. C. B. Blethen, of Seattle, which have been on view there. Mrs. Grant loaned her house for the purpose and invited a good many of her friends to drop in, so that for several days there was a merry little gathering in her drawing-room.

The three portraits shown were painted in Washington, but will be taken to California by the painter to be shown at the exhibition of all his paintings which he proposes holding at the famous Bohemian Club. The work which he showed here brought forth exceedingly favorable comment from disinterested critics. In Mrs. Grant he had a wonderfully inspiring subject, for she is a beautiful woman; and I should think anyone would love to paint General Pershing. The portraits of Mrs. Grant and Gen. Blethen, to be presented to the Legion of Honor Palace in San Francisco.

Birthday parties seem to be the fashion these days. The President and Mrs. Harding are going to one in New York tomorrow. The Third Cavalry, which won distinction in the Mexican war, took part in the assault upon the gaudy, ran up the Stars and Stripes over the fortresses, and has had a notable record since, had one last Thursday; and yesterday Brig. Gen. Horatio Gates Gibson gave his tea party in celebration of his birthday—his ninety-fourth this time. This is an annual event and one to which everybody fortunate enough to be invited looks forward with great pleasure. The general is the oldest living graduate of the Military Academy and the only original member of the Aztec Club—made up of officers who served in the Mexican war and their lineal descendants—who is left. As always, the Aztec Club called upon him in a body, and the members of the Guadalupe Club—the daughters of Mexican war veterans—were also among his guests.

ENTERTAINING JUNIOR DIPLOMATS.

With the diplomatic chiefs mostly in New York during the early part of the week, to say nothing of Sir Auckland Geddes wandering about in the middle West and the Ambassador of Argentina and Mme. Le Breton suddenly sailing "for a short trip to Europe," the Starn Minister and Mme. de Cespedes gave home for the inauguration of the President, much of the diplomatic entertaining of the week fell upon the juniors—the de Bachs, of the Russian Embassy, Captain Clavell, et al. And about the only big party was the one given by the Celestias—the secretary of the Italian Embassy here, Andrea Geisser Celestia di Vegliaso, to give him his full and rather imposing name. Mme. Celestia, who was Miss Margaret Ehrhart, of New York, is a charming hostess and this was a very pretty party—a

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